THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

THE LIGHT THAT IS FELT.

A tender child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stair timidly.
"Oh, mother! Take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will all be light."

We older children grope our way
From dark behind to dark before;
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small and hope delays;
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,
And let us feel the light of Thee!

—Whittier.

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2716 Hillegass Ave., Berkeley.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Considerable good is expected from a new law in Nebraska which forbids the sale of liquor after eight at night and before seven in the morning. It goes into effect on the 6th of July.

Magazines on the instalment plan is one of the recent arrangements. A circular before us offers $9,50 worth of magazine reading for $6—fifty cents cash and fifty cents a month for eleven months.

The Religious Telespoce, the paper published by the United Brethren Church, had a circulation on the 14th of April of 22,200. It had a deficit during the last year of $4,803. The dropping of medical advertisements about two years ago cut into the receipts for advertisements to the amount of $2,500 annually.

On a recent Saturday two courts divorced sixty-seven couples at the rate of one divorce every two and a half minutes. Last September the present writer was in a court in Seattle by which twenty-seven divorces were granted one Saturday forenoon. The judge said in privvate conversation later that a large majority of the petitions ought not in his judgment to have been granted. But they met the requirements of the law, so far as he was able to discern, and the decree had to be rendered accordingly. Once he did venture to be a little stringent and the supreme court reverse his decision.

According to a story in the "Indiana Farmer" butter in one instance at least has been found to keep in good condition for thirteen years. The story runs as follows: "A Delaware county man thirteen years ago churned a couple of pounds of butter and for lack of an icebox placed it in a bucket and lowered it part way down his well. Two days later the price of butter dropped in his town market, and with a sort of union-like sympathy Martin's butter dropped too—only his went down the well, accompanied by the old oaken bucket. Martin let the butter remain in the water, and bought a new bucket. Recent rains raised the well unusually high, and Thursday while casually looking into the well Martin saw the same old two pounds of butter floating about serenely. He fished it out, and he and two neighbors tested it straight and with bread, and, strange as it may seem, the thirteen-year-old butter was as good and sweet as the day it was made. All three have made affidavits to the butter's good condition, and as all three are living today it must be so."

The report of the general superintendent, Railway Mail Service, for the fiscal year 1908, shows that the railway postoffices assorted and reassorted 11,913,000,000 pieces of first class mail, and 9,737,000,000 pieces of mail of other classes, making a total of 21,650,000,000 pieces. For the fiscal year 1908, it is estimated that the revenue-producing mail posted by the public amounted to 1,118,510,799 pounds, in addition to which there was 99,000,000 pounds of free matter, and more than 928,000,000 pounds of mail bags in connection with the mail and otherwise; making a total of 2,145,949,361 pounds, or to state it in tons, 1,072,974 tons; and this enormous weight was hauled an average distance of about 450 miles. The total expenditures of the Postoffice Department for the fiscal year were $207,528,222. The salaries of the 15,295 railway postal clerks, including officers, were $17,373,336.92. This was 8.3 per cent. of the total expenditures. The cost of railroad transportation for the mails in the year was$43 588,-012.70.

John G. Wooley, the noted temperance worker, has taken the position of superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League in the Hawaiian Islands. The Honolulu "Friend" says: "It is a pleasure to welcome Hon. John G. Woolley and his helpful wife back to the Hawaiian Islands. We need them more than most people realize. The temperance education of the children needs the strong reinforcement of a continued campaign against the most powerful enemy the home has ever known. We have so many nationalities, the standard of morals is frequently so low, and men of influence are so apathetic, that there is great danger of having a territory drunken in body and decayed at heart because of its dissolute population. There is undoubted liability of a citizenship full of selfishness and graft and seamed with the rot of degraded minds and bodies. On the other hand there is the promise of a manhood and womanhood as pure and noble as can be imagined dwelling in the eternal beauty of these islands of sunshine; but it must be provided for. The best there is in the young Japanese, Chinese, Hawaiians and others must be cultivated. All the forces at work for good in these islands need the reinforcement of the royal love for mankind which has led Mr. Woolley to give his life to the task of keeping people from becoming intemperate, as well as to encourage the man who is down to rise up and walk in glorified manhood once more."

At a meeting in New York in honor of the eightieth birthday of General Booth, a letter was read from the general, in which reference was made to America's material resources and her high standing among the nations, and which said further in part: "What will you do with this mighty, magic force? If you are permitted to realize your ambition to lead the world whither will you lead it? To utter abandonment of faith in the eternal and the neglect of every duty flowing out of it, to senseless worship of mammon, to useless frivolities? No! I am sure you will not; and I blush at the mention of such things and denounce them with my soul. Where else can you lead this

poor, blind, stumbling world of ours but to the mighty, just, holy God and obedience to His commands, to the practice of righteousness, purity, honor, kindness, and simplicity, to self-sacrificing service of mankind? Come along then, let us gird up our loins and go out of our heaven and put our arms around the perishing multitudes and bring them to Christ, purity, peace, and paradise. I invite you to make our common Christianity an ungainsayable reality, and thus wipe out the reproach fast gathering over us that it is nothing more than an exploded tradition, a fashionable association, or a lifeless ceremony. Then, when the wondering world asks: 'In what country can I find the thing described by the letter of the Bible and set forth in the life of Jesus Christ?' the answer shall be: 'America.' "

In a discussion of the Payne tariff bill at the Academy of Political Science recently in New York, Miss Ida M. Tarbell said that the revised schedules would do practically nothing toward taking the burden of tariff taxation from the shoulders of the six million working women and the twelve million mothers on small incomes." Miss Tarbell, after declaring that the average American woman, as a bread-winner or the head of a family, was facing one of the most difficult economic problems, showed that out of the fifteen million families in the United States, twelve million had to get along on an average income of not more than $500. "And now what has the Payne bill done for mothers bringing up families on an income of a few hundred dollars a year?" asked the speaker. "Well, it has done some curious things. Take the matter of clothing, for instance. To begin at the head, it makes hats and all the fearful and wonderful things that go on them dearer. I shall not complain of this. I rather think myself that Mr. Payne is justified in making it harder for us to get hats. It doesn't matter so much whether the head is covered or not, but it is of vital importance that we should be shod. We must have hose to begin with. No one who has shopped in this country on a small income for the last few years has not had trouble about this matter of hose. Our stockings have been steadily decreasing in quality and increasing in price. Now, it is proposed to put on a duty which will make these shoddy goods dearer than they were. It is a great source of satisfaction to me, personally, that the women have risen in revolt, and have told Mr. Payne what they thought of him."

Peter F. Collier, the publisher of Collier's Weekly, one of the popular papers of this country, died in New York a few days ago. It was the ambition of Mr. Collier's father, when the publisher was a boy in Ireland, that the son enter the Roman Catholic priesthood, but Peter, after studying for a time under the old Abbe de Vermiel, chose business life. He was born in Myshall, County Carlow, Ireland, on December 12, 1849, and came to this country at the age of seventeen. His first employment was in the car shops at Dayton, Ohio. Two years later, with money saved from his wages, he began to study at St. Mary's Seminary, Cincinnati. After leaving the seminary, he entered the employ of some school book publishers as a salesman. It was this employment that turned his mind to the publishing business. Six months after he went into the publishing business, he branched out for himself. With $300 he purchased from a bankrupt concern the electro type plates of the popular Catholic work "Father Burke's Lectures," and, although obliged to seek credit for paper and printing, handled the book with such skill that in a year he had cleared $90,000. This success encouraged him to attempt the issue of other Catholic literature. In the next year, 1874, he published the life of Pope Pius IX. Branch houses were established in several of the larger cities in the country and Mr. Collier began to publish editions of standard authors at reasonable prices. Besides, he issued "Chandler's Encyclopedia" in three volumes; a "History of the United States Navy," a "History of New York," Hawthornes "History of the United States," "Chamber's Encyclopedia," and several editions of the Bible. Meantime, he published Colliers Library of popular novels, which appeared twice weekly, and were sold in connection with "Once a Week," a periodical now known as Collier's Weekly.

Major General Daniel H. Rucker of the United States Army, retired, was ninety-seven years old on Wednesday, April the 28th. He has worn the uniform longer than any other officer who has followed the flag of the United States. Seventy years ago Andrew Jackson appointed him to a lieutenancy in the army. Asked once to name the most pleasant task of his military career, General Rucker replied: "I reckon it was the work I had to do just after the Mexican war. When the peace was made we were sent across the continent, and for a time were stationed at Los Angeles, and then came the days of '49, with the gold rush and the consequent excitement. It was a mad time and a sad time, but the gold fever started that tide of immigration across the continent, and did not cease until it had dotted the plains with villages which were in the course of time to grow into wonderful cities. Then, too, the trail over the mountains and through the plains was white with the bleaching bones of those who fell out on the march. In the early days of the rush there was much disaster on the trail and all sorts of horrors, immigrants getting lost, starving, and in some cases eating each other in a frantic effort to live until the gold fields were reached. From San Francisco I was assigned to the duty of rounding up the straggling immigrants, and for that purpose was instructed to get together a supply train and a force of men and stay out until I came to the last of the stragglers on the trail, help those I met, and herd them all in safety to the Coast. For this trip I took no soldiers, only one corporal from my regiment. My force was made up of Oregon trappers, stern, hardy fellows, who knew the plains like an open book, and who would rather fight than eat. As the best means of getting food to the starving, I took with me a small herd of cattle on the hoof, and these furnished fresh meat for many a starving family. Most of the stragglers I met were afflicted with the scurvy, and many of them—for scurvy makes a man lazy and indifferent to life—wanted to lay down and die. It was a hard task sometimes to get them on their feet and move them forward, and it was an ungrateful task also. Sometimes when I would aid some starving family, supply them with a mule or two, to help them into the settlement, I would come back in a short time to find them still there, idly subsisting on the rations I had furnished." During his long military career General Rucker was never wounded, and his name never found place on the sick list. His daughter Irene was the wife of General Phil Sheridan, to whom she was married in 1875.

International expositions are to be held in Brussels in 1910; in Rome and Turin in 1911; in Winnipeg in 1912.

The latter will commemorate the establishment by Lord Selkirk of the Red River Colony. Just as we finish writing the foregoing a copy of the Boston Herald comes to hand in which announcement of a movement to celebrate by an international exposition in Boston in 1920 the 300th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, Massachusetts, and the founding of New England. The Herald says: "In 1920 sixteen years will have passed since the preceding great exposition in this country, that of St. Louis, which commemorated the Louisiana Purchase; twenty years will have passed since the preceding great exposition in Europe, that of Paris in 1900. The interval is, therefore, not too short, nor is the announcement too far in advance. An enterprise of such magnitude requires years of forethought and expert preparation. Japan is devoting ten years to preparation for the Tokio Exposition which will open in 1918. It is none too soon therefore, to serve notice to the world if a World's Fair is to be held in Boston; if in 1920 this city is to be the Mecca for the people of all nations. New England alone, of all the sections of the United States, has had no great Exposition. Philadelphia had the Centennial, Chicago the Columbian, Buffalo the Pan-American, St. Louis the Louisiana Purchase. San Francisco, Atlanta, New Orleans, Jamestown, have had expositions on a smaller scale and more local in character. It is now New England's turn to have one of the first magnitude, one that will attract not only the nation, but the world. For New England's history is not only the common heritage of the nation, it is a part of the heritage of modern civilization, of the progress of mankind. A World's Fair, worthy of the name, in her Capital City, should arouse interest everywhere. From the West and South vast throngs will come to the land of their forefathers; from Canada, Mexico, Central and South America thousands will make pilgrimage to the birthplace of American liberty; from Europe, Asia, Australia, New Zealand, Africa, great numbers will come, attracted by the traditions of this old part of the New World, its natural attractions, and its teeming, prosperous contemporary life. Boston is easily reached from everywhere, by land and sea. It has the resources to plan and execute an enterprise so huge and so significant. The national government can be relied upon to do its share for the nation's sake. The governments of all other countries will, of course, be invited to participate in the great occasion. So will be their people representing every phase of interest, every sphere of activity in the world's life. Boston, New England, the United States can have in this projected festival the noblest, the most beautiful, the most instructive and useful international exposition that ever has been seen or conceived."

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

A conference on church union in Hawaii is likely to be held soon in Honolulu. A recent number of The Hawaiian Church Chronicle contained an article by Bishop Restarick of the Episcopal Church in which, addressing the members of other communions, he said: And now, brethren, members of the one Catholic Church by baptism, professing with our mouths in substance the same faith, partakers with one spirit, what are we going to do about our unhappy divisions? Will you pray with us for unity and concord? Will you meet with us in conference to talk over the evils and sins of division? Or shall we go on wasting men and means? I know of no district in the world where, by overlapping work in small communities, money is wasted in missionary effort as it is in Hawaii." The Hawaiian Board at once appointed a committee, of which Dr. Scudder was made chairman, to confer with the Episcopal brethren with the hope that there might result a closer fellowship and the utmost Christian comity. Replying to the letter of the Hawaiian Board, Bishop Restarick said: "While I am fully conscious of the difficulties which face us, difficulties which we did not create, but which we inherited, I believe that this action of the Board is one of the signs that the Holy Spirit is leading Christians towards unity."

Writing of the attitude of the Hawaiians toward alien races, the Rev. O. H. Gulick of Honolulu says: "We have daily cause to admire the many manly and generous characters of the native Hawaiians, who have for one hundred years given such hearty welcome, first to the Anglo-Saxon race, and of later years to the Asiatic races who have come in upon them in such overwhelming numbers. The gospel of manhood's sonship to one heavenly Father, impressed upon the plastic Hawaiian by the missionaries has borne the peaceable fruits of righteousness, and in all the changes of most vital interest to the aborigines has saved them from riot, race war, or any united breach of good fellowship with the incoming peoples. Upon the passing away of their chiefs, the fealty of the people was held by the missionary fathers whom they judged to be their best friends. The missionary fathers have passed away, and the people who from time immemorial had been hero worshippers, are now left to be intelligent law-abiding freemen. In no part of the world do we find a population of more mixed races and nowhere do we find the manhood of man more fully and cordially respected. The Chinaman is not liable to have his queue pulled nor the Japanese lady her peculiar dress ridiculed. The respect of man for his manhood is cordially conceded rather than for his education, his wealth, the color of his skin, or of his hair, or for the race in which he chanced to be born."

Pilgrim Church, Seattle, has had printed a card called a "benevolence card," which greatly commends itself to us at once. On the side opposite that designed for subscription pledges are listed the objects to which the church gives with a few words concerning each. For example, this as to a local society:

Church Extension Society. Headquarters in Seattle. Organized for extension work in Seattle. The rapid growth of the city demands more activity spiritually. This society is ably managed and has done noble service, but increasing opportunities await us in 1909. Now is the time to enter in. Seattle must raise $3,500 this year. Our aim $1,200."

This is followed by the name of some member of the church whose duty it is to look after this special benevolence, and who is spoken of as "Our Specialist." Next mentioned on the card is the **Home Missionary Society.** Superintendent Scudder's name is given, and this follows: "Plants churches in new or neglected communities. Is part of the national society. Our gifts go for work in Washington. Our aim $1080." Then comes the name of the one called "Our Specialist." The **American Board** has mention in the following manner: "The oldest foreign missionary organization in America, with headquarters in Boston. Has 600 American men and women at work in foreign lands. Has sixteen colleges. Has twenty-eight hospitals, expended in 1905 $752,000. Pilgrim pays the

running expenses of the Osaka Mission, $700. Our aim $960." This also is followed by the name of a specialist. The card, which is five and a half inches long and three and a half wide contains in brief something concerning eight different benevolent organizations, for which the total aim is given as $4000. We commend this to other churches as an excellent method by which to get information in brief before the people.

Among the persons mentioned for the position of moderator of the next general assembly of the Presbyterian Church is the Rev. Dr. MacKenzie, formerly pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco, and president-elect of the San Francisco Theological Seminary. Dr. Mackenzie has been pastor of the Rutgers Presbyterian Church of New York City for several years. He is to come to San Anselmo in September. Concerning the moderatorship and the doctor's fitness for it the New York Observer says: "There is reason to believe that the movement will succeed because of the widely known pre-eminent fitness of Dr. Mackenzie for the position. Certain elements in his temperament, training and experiences have attuned his strong qualities for the discharge of the duties of the high office. A Scotchman, he unites to the caution and determination of that strong nationality an initiative and a dynamic way of doing things that are certainly American. Quick to perceive, he always looks clear through and all around things before he decides, and then acts with wise and prompt energy; and he is a born leader, others are always drawn after him. An early training as lawyer and business man, and later service as theological professor and pastor of two great churches in great cities, give him several points of view on questions that arise; which accounts in part for the extraordinary accuracy, justice and wisdom of his judgments. The services which he has rendered the Presbyteries of San Francisco and New York, and the delicate and difficult tasks which the latter constantly commits to him, sufficiently prove this. In ecclesiastical assemblages and courts he presides with dignity, readiness, suavity and firmness; getting business done with clarity and dispatch, and done right. He has decision, as a great man of affairs must have; but always courtesy, exceeding tact, charm of manner, ready wit, and humor better than wit; so that he takes the sting out of defeat and mollifies injured feeling. He is, markedly, a pacificator and harmonizer, and the record of these things is written large on the records of this presbytery. It is understood that the high honor of the moderatorship of the general assembly should go only to a man who not only has distinguished fitness for the place, but has also rendered distinguished service to the Church. Who built up to such a height the great First Presbyterian Church of San Francisco, and molded the Presbyterian activities of that region? Who secured vast endowments for San Francisco Theological Seminary and really made the Seminary? Who has so edified the mind and spirit of the great Rutgers Church of New York that the congregation has grown to such size and power? Who has led the Presbytery of New York in many wise and successful paths these nine years? Who has led The College Board in its reconstitution and reorganization these five years past? It might not be fair to others to answer these questions by saying—Dr. Robert MacKenzie. Others have had part, perhaps equal part, possibly superior part, in some or all of these things; distinguished names, associated with his in these things rise in memory; but, at the least, he must have large credit for them all. His service to the Church has been distinguished."

THINGS NEW AND OLD.

[An Address by the Rev. William Horace Day, D.D., at the Commencement exercises at Pacific Theological Seminary, April 27, 1909.]

"Therefore every scribe that has been made a disciple of the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a man who is a householder, who bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old."—Matthew 13: 52.

In that mixed company beside the Sea of Gallilee, Jesus faced traditionists and radicals. Those who, like the Pharisees, "walk according to the traditions of the elders," and others, who, like the Athenians, were interested in nothing, "but either to tell or hear some new thing." The Pharisees feared the new, the Greeks scorned the old; but the gospel of the Kingdom was to be neither traditionalism, nor radicalism; it included both, and neither feared the new nor scorned the old.

For us this morning there are three centers of interest: the church, which is to bear witness to the gospel of things new and old; the seminary, where the new and the old are taught; and the graduates, who are going out to preach things new and old.

The Church Must Declare Things New as Well as Old.

The church gains the attention of the people, when she expresses her faith in terms of current thinking. During the past two generations there has been a new scientific movement, a new sociological movement, and today we are in the midst of a new spiritual movement.

The New Scientific Movement.

With Mr. Darwin, the new scientific movement became a world force. The doctrine of progress through variation gave the accepted basis of thinking. The new appeared to challenge the old to mortal combat. The response of the church was voiced by men like **Henry Drummond,** who beautifully illustrated the old Gospel in the newer terms of natural law and evolutionary science. There were those who were sure that the departure from the well-worn phrases made hallowed in the struggles of an earlier generation meant the abandonment of the ancient teaching once delivered to the saints; but the sermon of the church has not become a mere essay on biology, and time has demonstrated the permanent value of truths which never die. The message of God's grace to men has never lost its hold upon the conscionce, and today is being preached the more earnestly because of the inspiring conception the new science has given us.

The New Social Movement.

The invention of machinery brought the ages of deficit to a close and introduced an age of economic surplus in which mankind produces more than enough for human need. The new social movement was busy with the problem of distribution; Karl Marx challenged the attention of the world in his revolutionary doctrines about capital by which he would solve the question of distributing the surplus. To the challenge of this movement, the church replied by stating the Gospel in sociological terms and founding the institutional church, where social brotherhood might be realized.

Grave fears were expressed lest the church become a

mere sociological center and that its definite religious service should disappear. Instead of that it has become reasonably clear that the institutional church is but a passing phase; gradually the municipality, true to the law of civic progress, is enlarging the sphere in which she serves her citizens. As the institutional church and the settlement demonstrate the value of playgrounds, baths, night schools, manual training, and all the rest, they are gradually absorbed into the social activity of the community, and the church finds herself returning with a new exclusiveness to her great spiritual task of teaching man to know God. A new meaning has been given to old facts.

The New Spiritual Movement.

Even when people had the largest stores of scientific knowledge, they found them no guarantee of soundness of mind and health of body. In like manner the insifficiency of the new social movement was demonstrated; even where people possessed a most generous share of the economic surplus, they continued to be sick in body and unhappy in mind. There were never ending symptoms of the deeper malady of the spirit. The New Thought Movement and Mrs. Eddy and her book on "Science and Health" represented the uprush of a soul aspiration to which the church must needs make her response. The old message must be stated in the new terms which were occupying the attention of the present hour. The Gospel of the indwelling God, whom the Christ incarnated, has led to what we call the Emmanuel Movement. Timid souls have exhibited great perturbation lest church activity be Emmanuelized and there be nothing left but a clinic for the morbid and treatises on psychology, as the sole message of the pulpit. But already we are finding that these fears will not be realized any more than the fears that the old should be lost in the new form which met the preceding movement. The magnificent conception of the new science, the big-heartedness of the new sociology, and the strong spiritual fellowship of the new psychology, have but contributed to make the old Gospel a means of bringing man and God into fuller oneness.

The Seminary Must Teach Things New and Old.

The tendency of the average church is to become traditionalized, to be afraid of things new, as the tendency of the student life is to become radicalized, contemptuous of the old. The task of the seminary is not only to give the student that balance truth which will deliver him from a mere passion for the new but it is to lead the church out of the bondage of tradition, and should serve as a bridge between the traditionalism of the church and the modernism of the student.

Bible Criticism.

There are new conceptions of authorship and spiritual values which it is the business of the seminary to search out. There are many things new **about** the Bible, and many new **in** the Bible, which the church needs to know. And it looks to you of the seminary for that knowledge. The old-fashioned Christian is afraid lest the newer generation become so absorbed in the literature and the philosopsy, and the history of the Bible, as well as in textual problems, as to lose the old appreciation which has been possible for the ignorant as well as the learned, and for those of every age. That appreciation which is based, not alone upon various forms of critical study, but upon the discovery that in its pages God speaks to the human soul must be preserved in a good tiding containing things new and old.

Comparative Religion.

Our missionary contact has given us acquaintance with the other religions of the world. It is a splendid service to the church, as well as to the student, when you bring the knowledge of Christianity's indebtedness to the other faiths, as in past centuries Babylonian, Hebrew, Persian, and Hindu, Egyptian, Greek and pagan Teuton, have compelled the stream of religious faith culminating in modern Christianity to restate some point of its message in the response to the outside impulse. We seek at your hands the same service in interpreting the missionary approach to the ethnic faiths of today. It is for you to bring from the study of those faiths that which will modify and enrich the modern application of the good tidings at home and abroad. But the new missionary motive can never get beyond the old. The conviction of Christianity's unique gift to other lands, and the certainty that no life can be at its best, which knows not the Christ must abide. These two departments of the seminary illustrate what must characterize all, the fact that the church requires at your hands **things new and old,**—as you train her future leaders, and as you contribute directly to her own life.

Relation of the Seminary to the Churches.

The church owes it to the seminary to provide equipment for a fuller service. Because there should be such close touch when the seminary becomes sufficiently straightened in finances to be compelled to go back to the churches for the sinews of war. The church should realize your growing need, and in that way she should be kept in close touch, both with the things new you are "bringing forth out of the treasure," and be assured that you have not forgotten the things old which have grown precious in her eyes. No less is it imperative that the seminary feel responsible to carry the church along with her in tha new discoveries, because it compels that deliberate and careful investigation of the new things, which will prevent the sad results of following the insufficiently demonstrated. It will contribute in no small degree to the ideal of progress without waste. If I had my way, the seminary would be so fully manned that one or more of its teachers might appear at each general conference meeting, local association; and from time to time, in the larger churches.

Things New and Old in the Life of the Preacher.

Before the young preacher, beginning his ministry, there is danger that he become a slave to its modernism; and yet, each one of you must construct a new theology. I do not mean, the adoption of the poorly articulated and ill-balanced utterances of some of the earnest, but ill-trained men, who have adopted this title, but the coining of the great ideas of religion in the terms of your own thinking. If you are going to be heard, if the difficulty of securing real attention, is overcome, you must speak the thoughts bearing your own stamp. But "things new" will be particularly attractive to you. It is imperative, if your preaching is to manifest the sanity and effectiveness of your Lord, that you patiently seek to appreciate the virile mastery of the thinkers of the past. It will save you from many a regret, if you sit at the feet, without becoming a slave, of Origin, Augustine, Calvin, and the rest; no tree can ever scatter its wealth of seed divorced from the roots that are hidden in the roots below. No more can a new theology, if severed from the old. In like manner you need the 20th century Bible, not necessarily one translated into the colloquialisms of the school yard, and certainly not a Bible which results when you blindly surrender your in-

telligence to hear Prof. Docent, who has proved to his own satisfaction that there were 60 Isaiahs instead of the paltry half dozen we have become accustomed to. With all your honest study, microscopic and telescopic, and now with due attention for sociology, pedagogics, and last, but not least, psycho-therapy, never forget to search the Scriptures for God's message to your own life, hiding it in your own heart that you may not sin against God by misusing the priceless opportunity which has been thrust into your hands.

There is no need to urge you to be courageous in searching out and proclaiming the "things new," but I would remind you that most inventions, whether they be mental or manual, turn out to be valueless except to the patent lawyer, who secures their interment in that great cemetery of dead ideas, the Patent Office. If Jesus thought it important to come not to destroy the old, but rather to fulfil it, we certainly can have no higher work than taking the old conceptions and filling them fuller. One of your most difficult problems will be, so to unfold the "things new" that even the slowest of wit may see that they spring properly from the old. I wish I could put an automobile sign, I once saw, in every young minister's study. It was at the mouth of a tunnel and read, "Slow down to eight miles an hour in this tunnel." In its language I would say, when passing from the old to the new—"Cut down your speed; take plenty of time."

One of the great churches of New England, which, in the language of a Yankee farmer, was old and "sot" in its ways, called a vigorous new pastor. After the first Sunday he sat down with his wife and made a list of thirteen survivals of a by-gone age which must be changed at once, and then wisely decided to put the list in the bottom of a drawer, at least until the next annual meeting. By that time he decided to suggest but one important change; the collection boxes were just outside the door and the idea that no appeal for or collection of money, should ever be made in a room devoted to worship. The result was, while the wealthy people in the congregation very easily took care of the running expenses of the church, they were falling far short of their share in the great benevolences.

At the annual meeting the new pastor explained the other method and the reasons why it would be better. He had done a good deal of talking about it beforehand and it passed by a considerable majority. There was still a considerable minority determined to walk in the traditions of the elders. The pastor was wise enough to request that although it had been adopted by a majority vote, as there those who thought it unwise, that it be laid indefinitely on the table. During the year the man who had most earnestly opposed it came to the pastor and said, "I believe your plan for taking the collection was a better one than the old way and I have made up my mind to bring it up myself at the next annual meeting. The new plan laid on the table, if it was a mistaken one, will probably lie there, but if it has real value, it will in due time be taken up by those who are afraid of it.

The Problem of Balance.

The difficult question before the church, the seminary, and the preacher, is to determine just where the point of balance is between the paradoxical claim of the new and the old. It is after all a return to the old problem in geometry of finding the center of a circle the circumferance of which will intersect three given points not in a straight line. The centre is at the point where the two lines crossing at right angles intersect. The true point where the new and the old will be in perfect accord in the life of all will be where Christ stands. In that paragraph which you have chosen for your class Scripture, the first chapter of First Corinthians, the way of discovery is clearly stated, "waiting for the revelation of our Lord Jesus Christ," for "other foundation hath no man laid than that which is laid," Jesus Christ himself, the chief cornerstone. Let every man take heed how he buildeth thereon.

IS CHURCH UNION DEAD?

The Religious Telescope, the organ of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, asks the question, "Is Church Union Dead?" and says in that connection:

"Four years ago much of the interest of the approaching General Conference centered around the question of church union. The conference itself considered the matter pro ad con, chiefly con, and voted its conviction with many and various mental and oral reservations.

"The present is silent touching the question of church union. This is no fault of the United Brethren Church, nor is it a discredit to it. When the Congregationalist general body decided not to abide by the plan for union adopted by the second tri-council held in Chicago, it gave the death blow to the present negotiations. Many of the Congregationalists had thought of the United Brethren Church only as an influx of members into its own body. Leaders in the council did not take this view, but in some particulars the leaders could not lead. The Methodist Protestants have been casting responsive glances toward the larger Methodist body. At some time a partial union of this kind may occur with an effect probably like that of the union of the Cumberland Presbyterians with the larger Presbyterian Church.

"Our own Church has nothing to be ashamed of in the negotiations. It proposed the merger and stands just where it stood when the call was issued in 1902. The Methodist Protestant Church answered favorably and proceeded in like manner as long as there was any hope of the three bodies uniting. The Congregationalists, through their properly constituted committee, asked to be considered, but finally rejected the plan which their own representatives had agreed to. Just what our General Conference should do is a question. Properly, the plan for union will come before our legislative body, just as it did before the Congregationalists. That they rejected it is hardly sufficient reason for us to pass by without any action. Though the issue is a dead one, the General Conference ought to record its vote in order to get the problem off its hands.

"There is some favorable mention of uniting forces with the two wings of the Evangelical Church. This comes chiefly from the Pacific Coast, It would be almost impossible, at the present time, to carry our Church for union with anything, in consequence of the reaction from the failure of the tripartite union. If other denominations will formulate a basis which is fair and reasonable, and then will ask the United Brethren Church to consider it, there might be some hope of progress in that direction; otherwise, failure is a foregone conclusion. The logical step for us to take in this direction, if any, is to get the two branches of the United Brethren Church to march under one banner. We are not of those who think that the division and its subsequent strife were either necessary or desirable."

GRADUATION EXERCISES AT PACIFIC THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The graduation exercises of Pacific Theological Seminary for the year 1908-09 were held in the First Congregational Church of Berkeley on Tuesday, April the 27th.

The class scripture, I Cor. 1:4-9, was read by the Rev. Shiujiro Okubo of Oakland. Prayer was offered by the Rev. Dr. Edward Lincoln Smith of Seattle.

The address of the day was given by the Rev. Dr. William Horace Day of Los Angeles. It is printed in The Pacific this week.

The degree of bachelor of divinity was conferred on the following named persons:

Miss Winifred Garfield Agar,
William Cochrane Allen,
Charles Chaffee Champlin,
Kiyogoro Kiyama,
Miss Ochini Okubo.

The same degree was given also to William Byron Hathaway of the class of 1906.

In conferring the degrees, President McLean spoke of the Commencement as a completement.

Every end, he said, is really a beginning. When the autumn leaves and the fruits come down letting their seats open for others, a rudiment of that which is to be next year is found existing there. In our lives the things which die are only making way for the things that are to live. Always something comes in place of that which has gone. Dying is really being born. There is probably a long series of deaths and births. In conclusion the admonition to the members of the graduating class was:

Do not think for a moment that you have nothing more to learn.

Stand on your own intellectual feet, and ever make progress.

Crises will come. But in everyone will be found a bud of potency.

MT. HOLYOKE ALUMNAE.

The 17th annual meeting of the Mt. Holyoke Alumnae Association of Southern California was held April 8th in the parish building at Claremont, prettily decorated for the occasion with white and blue. Over forty alumnae were present and greetings were sent by many others. Miss Clara F. Stevens, who is Professor of English at Mount Holyoke College and head of the department, was the guest of honor. Mrs. Burt of Ontario and Miss Eva Pike of Los Angeles, who formerly taught at Mt. Holyoke, were also present.

Among other items of business Mrs. Colcord reported that $30 had been collected during the last year and sent from the Association to the International Institute in Spain. Professor Stevens is chairman of the International Institute League which is responsible for the support and direction of this woman's college in Spain and was asked to speak on this subject. She gave an encouraging report of the work being done for the young women in Spain by the college women of America. Mount Holyoke, because of its large gifts, is to have the privilege of naming the chapel in the new building which is being erected for the Institute. The Freshman class is raising $100 to pay the tuition of one of the seniors in the Institute. It was voted that the gift of the Alumnae Association to the League be continued.

An interesting letter of reminiscences was read from Mrs. Porter of Los Angeles, who was a member of the class of 1845 and remembers Mary Lyon very distinctly. A letter of greeting was also read from Miriam Colcord (Ex-11), who entered Mount Holyoke this year with Sophomore standing.

After the luncheon, daintily served by a committee of the Woman's Union, the younger alumnae gathered around the piano and sang a few of the songs which are so dear to every Holyoke girl. The same officers were elected for the coming year! Mrs. E. C. Norton, president; Mrs. W. S. Young, vice-president; Miss Ethel Smith, secretary; Mrs. L. N. Smith, treasurer.

Professor Stevens, who is spending a few months in California, brought much interesting news of the college faculty and students. A President's house has just been comlpeted and is now occupied by Miss Wolley. The new music building which has been very much needed is nearly finished. A new recitation hall is an imperative demand, and a student-alumnae building is desired by all.

Louise Atsatt, Mt. Holyoke '03.

SUBMISSION TO THE INEVITABLE.

R. P. Downes.

A fruitful cause of unrest and unhappiness is the conflict some men wage with the inevitable. There are untoward events in the life of each of us which no wisdom could foresee, which no prudence could avoid, and which confronts us with all the obduracy of a granite wall. With these events we must not presume to set ourselves in conflict. They must be accepted as a part of the will of God with regard to our destiny, and not as something with which we need to wage petulant and unceasing war.

Montaigne tells how the Thracians, when it thundered or lightened, fell to shooting against heaven with titanic madness, as if by their arrows they would reduce the Deity to reason. He also relates a story of a King who, having received a blow from the hand of God, swore he would be avenged, and to that end issued a proclamation to the effect that for the space of ten years the worship of Jehovah should be suspended in his domains, and none should pay Him homage.

If we value our peace we must learn, with the best grace we can command, to acquiesce in the inevitable. That which we cannot evade we must endeavor, as meekly as possible, to bear. He who hurls a goblet against a granite cliff does not hurt the cliff but the goblet, and if we in our insensate folly hurl ourselves against the inevitable we shall not affect it, but it will shatter us.

It is true that it is not pleasant to have our wills crossed, our ambitions thwarted, our purposes clothed with defeat. But the wisdom of God is above our folly, and did we possess His knowledge we should sing antehms of praise at the shrine of divine necessity. A saint of the Orient wrote: "Do thou only not withdraw thy neck from thy yoke." The universe keeps step and chime with him who accepts the will of God as the best of all conditions, and who never knows what it is to set himself in rebellion against it. The will of God we worship is our happiness, our highest well-being, and therefore we do well to acquiesce in it. There was a splendor in the conception of the great Greek dramatist when he made Promethus rebel against the decree of Jove, for that decree was cruel and unjust, and the torture inflicted on the helpless victim was vindictive and meaningless. In that case rebellion

was a virtue. But "the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ" is no barbaric deity, possessed only by an inscrutable self-will which is determined to have its own way with us whether that way be just or not. On the contrary, He is the universal Father, all whose purposes are essential love, and therefore it is our wisdomt to accept His decrees, since they order only what is best for us. To quote from Owen Meredith:

Man cannot make, but may ennoble fate
By nobly bearing it. So let us trust
Not to ourselves, but God, and calmly wait
Love's orient out of darkness and of dust.

Among the Churches

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, Bethlehem.—Three new members were received last Sunday on confession of faith.

Redlands.—Twenty-three united with the church on Sunday, May 2, eighteen of them on confession.

Los Angeles, East.—The work in this church is moving along finely under the direction of the new pastor, the Rev. F. L. Dyer.

Oakland, Plymouth.—The pastor is preaching a series of evening sermons on "The Sterner Gospel." The topics are as follows: The Ministry of Punishment, The Case of Dives and Lazarus, What Jesus Said About the Judgment, and The Only Possible Hell

Oakley.—Good news comes from this little church. Since Rev. W. H. Cooke began work congregations have increased from an average of from eight to fifteen to one of from thirty to fifty. Six members were received recently on confession of faith, and there is a deepening interest in spiritual things.

Santa Ana.—At the close of the morning sermon on April the 25th, the pastor, the Rev. Charles Seccombe, gave an opportunity for subscriptions to be made for the new church building, and $13,000 was pledged in a short time. The building committee is completing the canvass, and work on the new building, which is to be of classic design, will begin soon.

San Francisco, Green Street.—All but $500 was given or subscribed before May first to complete the Green Street Church. In order to secure the final $5000 it was necessary to secure all the money or have it pledged by May first, so that rather than lose so large and needed a sum Rev. and Mrs. Walz wrote the giver, guaranteeing personally the $500. This means that $15,000 has been raised for Green Street Church since December 5th last.

Lodi.—At our March communion two were received into the church, one by letter and one on confession. At our communion May 2, two were received into the church, one by letter and one on confession. Within the last few days death has made a serious inroad upon our membership, taking away three most valuable and beloved members, Sister Alice W. Bawley, and Brothers A. H. Spickerman and O. O. Norton, the later a most valuable member of the board of trustees, whose counsels and financial help in the erection of our new church were of very great assistance. He had reached the ripe age of 77 years, and rests from his labors.

Fruitvale, Ward Memorial.—This mission church is making good progress under the efficient leadership of Mr. Roy J. Campbell, a student in Pacific Theological Seminary. A Men's Club, organized during the pastorate of Mr. Briggs, is especially active with a membership of fifty-one. In addition to regular improvement club work it has been instrumental in uniting the community by settling a number of neighborhood quarrels, and is now taking active steps to prevent the threatened location of a disreputable resort in the community.

San Francisco, First.—Five new members were received at the recent communion service, three on confession of faith. Last Sunday evening the thirty-seventh anniversary of Mr. Mayers' service as organist of this church was celebrated. To quote Dr. Adams, "Mr. Mayer has always made the music reverential and worshipful, always conceiving of the organ as a part of the worship, not as a thing to be shown off." A crowded house evidenced the appreciation the First Church people have of Mr. Mayer's long and valuable service.

San Francisco, Bethany.—Two new members were received last Sunday on confession of faith and two infants were baptized. The pastor has been active in the movement to secure an ordinance providing for a censorship of the films of pictures used by the Nickelodeons. The ordinance recently passed forbidding slot machines after July 1st is a very encouraging sign of a growing disapproval of gambling. No great honor attaches to the seven powerful and leading banks of the city which petitioned the supervisors not to forbid the slot machines lest it "injure business." How splendid for San Francisco to have a board of supervisors that even in the face of such a petition passed the ordinance making the machines illegal.

Oakland, First.—There being no Y. M. C. A. in operation in Oakland at present the young men of the First Church have this winter been holding open house on Tuesday evenings. Distinguished speakers have given addresses on vital topics of current interest, and light refreshments have been served. In this way from one hundred to three hundred young men have been drawn together every Tuesday evening. Sunday, Mr. Wirt began what are to be continued as regular Sunday evening services in Mowbray Hall in Upper Piedmont. This building has been recently constructed for Sunday-school purposes, and is named in honor of the Rev. H. B. Mowbray, who, as assistant pastor of the First Church, organized the Sunday-school.

Riverside.—Many hearts were made sad on Thursday evening, the 22nd inst, when after an unusually interesting mid-week service, the pastor, Dr. McLaren, asked that his relations with the church as its pastor be dissolved, his resignation to take effect July 1st. During the more than eighteen months of his active service, he has found his way to the inner sanctuary of many hearts. These will never forget the great, loving heart of the man, who, during this time has so ably preached the great doctrine of love and forgiveness, through faith in Jesus Christ. His sermons, while scholarly, have been clear, and couched in language easily understood. The largest net gain in membership, with two exceptions, in the history of the church, finances in good condition, Sunday-school and Young Peo-

ple's Society flourishing and active, with over $2000 raised for benevolences the past year, are some of the results of his untiring labor. Mrs. McLaren, who has so ably seconded the efforts of her gifted husband, will be greatly missed by the choir, and in social circles, and particularly by the young people, whom she so much loved. That God's richest blessing may follow them to any new field of effort they may enter, is the hearty wish of their many friends. Our Young People's Society has suffered a great loss in the recent death of one of their most active members, Miss Mabel Braman. She suffered long and patiently from the dread "white plague," ministered to by loving hands. She will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends.

Santa Cruz.—Rev. Henry Kendall Booth of North Berkeley has for a week been giving a series of Bible addresses in the Santa Cruz church. Never has the church enjoyed a series of addresses more, and to all the Bible is better understood and to many it is a new book . The addresses were sane, reverent and constructive and were the result of deep study and from the standpoint of modern scholarship. Even the most conservative had nothing but praise for the manner in which the subject was handled. The topics were: The Romance of the Mauscripts, The story of the Old Testament, Preparation of the World for Christ, The Story of the New Testament, The Supreme Book, The Bible of Today. Such a man who can give such a valuable course to the churches, has a mission especially to the thoughtful. The lectures would mean much for the cause of Christ if they were given in every city of the state. Years of deep study and research are given in a concise manner, so that the subject can readily be grasped. For a week the speaker has been dealing with the deep things of God and has brought to the hearers the knowledge of biblical customs, languages and times as made by the modern study of ancient geography and history, ethnology, archaeology, philoology and biblical criticism. The faith in the Bible is strengthened, its beauties enriched, and the people are studying it more for the course given. The audiences increase in attendance nightly, and large congregations were at the church Sunday to listen to the able preacher who will always have a welcome to the Santa Cruz church. The attendance has risen from about 175 to 500. On Friday evening the speaker was tendered a reception, and on Sunday night, on behalf of the church, Mrs. J. W. Linscott, city superintendent of schools, publicly thanked the speaker for what he had brought to the city. Mr. Booth will always receive a good hearing in this city. Nearly all the clergymen of the city have attended and all endorse highly the course. If Mh. Booth could be induced by other churches to do what he has done for Santa Cruz they would be the richer by it.

SANTA CLARA ASSOCIATION.

The review of the year 1908 in the Santa Clara Association of Congregational churches must give much of cheer to the entire conference. The thirteen churches of this association (fourteen if Colusa be included) have each of them some distinct sign of progress during the year. San Jose takes the lead in additions to the membership with forty-three additions; Santa Cruz is a close second with forty-two. The average benevolences of the association was $3.63 per capita, with Pacific Grove leading with $7.11, and Saratoga with $5.48 per capita coming second. Santa Cruz has the largest Sunday-school, while San Jose's Sunday-school has increased the most rapidly. Pacific Grove and Sunnyvale have each made substantial additions to their church properties. Burlingame has incorporated during the year and is finishing a neat little chapel. A new Sunday-school has been organized at Meridan Corners, between San Jose and Saratoga.

This splendidly situated association is steadily becoming one of the strongest in the state. Well done Santa Clara!

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The First Congregational Church of Salem was the center of attraction for three days of the past week by reason of the assembling within its beautiful and capacious auditorium of the Oregon State Sunday-school Convention last Wednesday and continuing until Friday evening.

An address of welcome was given by Hon. A. M. Crawford, Attorney-General of the state on behalf of Governor F. W. Benson, who, by the way is a native son of Santa Clara county, California, and his father, Rev. Henry C. Benson, D.D., was for nearly a score of years the editor of the California Christian Advocate. The city of Salem was represented at the hour of greeting by Mr. J. L. Stockton on behalf of Mayor George F. Rodgers, and the Ministerial Association of the capital city by Rev. Philip E. Bauer, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Salem. Responses were made by A. A. Morse, vice-president, Portland, and Mrs. S. A. Lowell, Pendleton, and Rev. W. C. Merritt, of Tacoma Rev. David T. Thomas, of the Pilgrim Congregational Church, Portland, added a great deal to the devotional periods of the convention by his masterful leadership of the praise services

Among many important points emphasized in the convention none were more important than this one brought out by Mrs. Bryner, viz., that it is much easier to keep the younger classes in attendance in schools where there are organized adult classes; and that boys, especially, were more inclined to attend Sunday-school regularly when there were a large number of men in regular attendance.

Mrs. J. S. Landers, of Pendleton, Superintendent of the Home Department, said that of the thirty-four counties of the state twenty-five have home county superintendents of the home departments, and that forty-three home department organizations report to the State Home Department a membership of eleven hundred and ninety-four.

Reports from all departments of Sunday-school work were received, and all indicated that the work was increasing in a most encouraging way. In addition to the presence at the convention of over five hundred delegates from many sections of the state, representing nearly all the Protestant churches, and among them many of the most experienced Sunday-school workers in our midst, Mrs. Mary Foster Bryner, and Prof. E. C. Knapp, of Chicago, were present and rendered invaluable service by their timely and suggestive addresses and discussions upon the topics presented from time to time. These earnest workers from the East have had a large experience in all the various phases of Sunday-school work, from the infant to the Bible class for old men, consequently no subject came up for consideration that was not made more helpful and instructive by their comments.

At the communion service in the First Church today eight new members were received.

The past was "Right of Way Week" for special evan-

gelistic services at Forest Grove in connection with Pacific University, which were conducted by Rev. Arthur J. Folsom, Superintendent of the C. H. M. S. for Oregon. The central thoughts of Mr. Folsom's discourses were "Get Right With God," and "Keep Right With God." Daily meetings were held at noon and in the evening, and much good was done. At chapel one morning Rev. Cephas F. Clapp made a brief address which supplemented the work of Mr. Folsom and made a deep impression. As a result of this special effort a number of the students have made known their determination to take Christ for their Master.

At the Intercollegiate Prohibition Oratorical Contest held at Salem on April 9th Pacific University won first place, being represented by Mr. W. E. Gwinn, whose oration was entitled "The Last Stand."

On April 23rd, "Aunt Ann" Smith, of the Forest Grove Church, celebrated her eighty-first birthday. She came to Oregon in 1852, is still hale and hearty, and can be seen on the streets daily. She is a widow of the late Deacon Alvin T. Smith, who came to Oregon in 1840.

Mr. Harvey W. Scott, editor of the Oregonian, the oldest paper on the pacific coast, not having missed an issue from December 4, 1850, up to date, was recently offered the important position of minister to Mexico by President Taft. After fully considering the matter, on April 24th Mr. Scott sent his declination to the President. In commenting upon Mr. Scott's action Senator Bourne of Oregon, said:

"I am disappointed by Mr. Scott's decision to decline the ambassadorship to Mexico; for Oregon thus loses recognition incident to the appointment of one of its citizens to a post of so much importance. I have worked hard to help secure this honor for Oregon and for Mr. Scott, who is one of the ablest men in the state, and I regret that the ambassadorship must be filled by another. The suggestion of his name was not prompted by any political consideration whatever, for Mr. Scott and I have not agreed on principles which I conceive to be of first magnitude and importance. In suggesting his name I recognized his ability and fitness for the position, and endeavored in this case, as in others, to measurably lay aside personal feelings and suggest an appointment that would be most creditable to Oregon and to the nation."

Mr. Scott, as it may be generally known, came to Oregon from Tazewell county, Ill., in 1852. As a youth of seventeen in the fall of 1858 he enlisted at the call of Gov. Isaac I. Stevens, of Washington Territory, in Capt. C. W. Swindall's company of volunteers in Mason county in that territory, to fight Indians during the Yakima Indian war, serving with fidelity for nine months. In 1857 he returned to Oregon, determined to get an education. This he did unaided, working his way through Pacific University, Forest Grove, and was its first graduate, achieving that distinction at the Commencement in 1863. He became editor of the Oregonian on May 15, 1865, and the hand that writes these lines set in type the first article he wrote for the paper which since then he has made of national reputation. Mr. Scott was wise in declining the position offered him. His position as editor of the Oregonian is worth more to this state than any political office which might be given him.

The Rev. Alfred W. Hare has returned from an extended sojourn in Southern California and will be in Oakland for four or five months. He will be available for the supply of vacant pulpits during his stay. His address is 586 35th street.

THE HOME

THE LOVED ONES ON THE OTHER SIDE.

On the other side of the stream
That steals by this earthly shore,
I know that our loved ones love us still,
Just as they loved of yore.

They carry us in their thoughts;
They speak of us when they meet,
And ever and ever the troth of old
Bides with them, warm and sweet.

O patient and constant dead,
Whom so easily we put by,
Who fade away from our inmost thoughts
As the stars fade out of the sky!

We put them so far away,
We hide them so deep with God;
We think of them snatched to the farthest star
As soon as they're under the sod.

Ah me! it is pitiful so,
Dear lovers so leal and near,
Aye pressing your faces against the gates
Of our hearts, and we will not hear!

O friends, when our sainted dead
Pass over that unseen line,
They fly not far, to a foreign land,
They dwell in your land and mine;

A land that no fire can burn,
No element sweep away,
The dear, long home of immortal love,
God's country and ours for aye!

So draw to them closer there,
As of old time hand in hand.
God meant we should walk through life and death
In Love's immortal land.

—James Buckham.

BESIDE ALL WATERS.

Anthony Forrest, returning to his suburban home after a long and tiring day in the city, was conscious of an unusual sense of weariness and depression. There was no particular reason for it, for though the day had been well occupied, its events had marched smoothly, and all his undertakings seemed to promise success. New contracts had been signed that very day, which would bring his firm into the very front rank in their own particular line, and which would practically stamp out the slight opposition which they had been doing their best to get rid of for some time.

Curiously enough, the man whom the signing of the contracts would most seriously effect, had traveled by the

same train, and alighted with Forrest at Wimbleton Station. Forrest lived at the far side of Wimbleton Common, in a palatial home which had little of Suburban about it; the other man, Paul Chavasse, lived not far from the station, in one of a row of neat villas, like peas in a pod, but the Common being open to all, both men took their walk in the same direction, and, as fate would have it, met at a point where it was imperative for them to recognize each other.

The reluctance was on Forrest's side, for he knew perfectly well that what had happened that day at a directors' meeting in the Cannon-street Hotel would mean the practical extinction of the smaller man.

He assumed that Chavasse was in ignorance of the prospect in front of him, otherwise his greeting would hardly have been so friendly.

Forrest was the older man, and a typical city magnate, large, important, breathing efficiency and success at every pore.

The other was a tall, spare man, about forty-six, but looking older, with a face of singular refinement and delicacy, and a smile which invariably won him a place in people's hearts. Forrest, on the other hand, seldom smiled. His face was somewhat heavy and forbidding, though he had good features and a certain dignity just perhaps bordering on pomposity.

"Ah, good evening, Mr. Chavasse," he observed, raising his hat with a slightly punctilious air.

"Good evening. You are walking home; may I have the pleasure of taking the same path? I always have a good walk before dinner, and that is the advantage you have in the breadth of the common to cross."

"It is not so good on a winter morning with the wind due northeast," observed Forrest grimly, but did not say that he would be pleased to have a companion on his walk.

Chavasse observed the lack of cordiality in Forrest's manner, but did not suffer it to damp his spirits, which were very good. Contrary to all Forrest's ideas of the man, he had very few cares, he took life simply and easily, and had not worn his powers threadbare with the strife of competition.

"It is a privilege to live out here, especially at the opening of the year," observed Chavasse, breathing the delicious airs of April with a keen enjoyment.

"It is fairly good as far as it goes, but I should like to go further out into the real country. If I could sell my house without dropping too much over it, I shouldn't hesitate a moment."

"But it is a beautiful place, and so secluded. It seems to me you could hardly do better even in the country."

Forrest shrugged his shoulders.

"After all, it is London, and when a man has been grubbing in that unholy city all day he wants to get clean away."

"I suppose you feel it so," said Chavasse with a slight wonder in his eyes. "Would you propose to retire from active city life altogether then?"

Anthony Forrest looked surprised.

"Not at all. Retirement is a fatal mistake for a man, almost at any age. It has shortened more lives than any known disease. No, I shall never retire from city life."

"You like it?"

Forrest shrugged his shoulders.

"It has become second nature. What about you?"

Chavasse smiled.

"Oh, I am cast in a different mould. I am naturally attached to the country in which I was born, and if I could afford it I should live there entirely. But I like London, and city life within moderation. The strain of big responsibilities, however, is irksome, and quickly depresses me. I have just had what I consider to be a stroke of uncommonly good luck this very afternoon."

"Ah, what is that?" enquired Forrest quickly.

"I have had the offer of an excellent situation, which will give me a comfortable salary and commit me to nothing except so many hours of honest work in a day. I shall have no hand nor any stake in the enterprises which will come and go, and be settled without my knowledge or interference. I have accepted it; subject to my wife's ratification of my promise."

"May I enquire, without seeming rude, where the situation is, and what is its nature?" enquired Anthony Forrest, still with the same appearance of eager interest.

"Why, certainly. It is with Messrs. Hargreaves and Butler, in Eastcheap; you, of course ,know the firm."

"I do; you surprise me very much. They are very exclusive. It is an honor to be associated with them. I saw Mr. Hargreaves this morning at a directors' meeting in the Cannon-street Hotel."

"He came to me directly from that," observed Chavasse, with a slight smile.

"And did he tell you what passed there relative to your own firm?"

"Oh, yes; he told me we were practically wiped out, but I was not in the least surprised.

"Was he?"

"Hargreaves? I don't know. I did not enquire. He understood that my firm could not stand against the Syndicate, and, so far as the members of it are concerned the dissolution will not make much difference."

"You knew this, yet you were quite friendly to me, Chavassee. I could have prevented what happened today."

"Yes, but why should you have prevented it? You pursue one policy, I another. That we see from entirely differing standpoints need not make us enemies."

"You seem to know all about my policy," said Anthony Forrest, dryly. "Would you mind defining it?"

"You are a born financier, Mr.. Forrest, and one in actual being likewise. Surely that explains everything."

"And your policy?"

Chavasse smiled again, and gave his shoulders a small, good-natured shrug.

"Mine is simple, too, though to you it might seem complex, or even incomprehensible. I want peace to live. I have too much respect for my soul to throw myself absolutely into the vortex."

"But it is a man's duty to do his utmost wherever he is placed. You have a family, I understand," said Forrest quickly.

"Three, all grown up and launched, two of them married, the other going to be next month. None of them are rich, nor ever will be, but they are contented with simple things. There is only myself and my wife now to be considered, and I am certain this news I convey to her this evening will make her very happy."

"Yet you step from a responsible to a subordinate po-

sition! Will you tell me how much Hargreaves offered you? I don't put these questions out of vulgar curiosity, but rather because you interest me. I have never met anyone holding quite these views. They are a little unusual."

"Not so rare as you would think," said Chavasse. "Hargreaves offered me five hundred a year, without any prospect of a rise. He was perfectly clear on that point. There will be no speculation or possibility about it; that is why it commends itself to me."

"Five hundred a year! It is not much. Can you live comfortably on that? I spend in my family not much short of five thousand, and do not"—he hesitated a moment, and then added with bitterness, "do not get very much happiness, and certainly no peace out of it."

"We shall save on five hundred, and have something to give away," replied Chavasse. "It is all a matter of individual taste, of what constitutes one's ideas of the actual necessities of life."

"Tomorrow is Sunday, Chavasse; may I take the liberty of inviting myself to your house, about four o'clock in the afternoon, to a cup of tea?"

"Most certainly. It will give us the greatest pleasure, more especially as none of the children will be with us tomorrow, through an unusual combination of circumstances. Sunday is their day. They come early and leave late; all of them and the 'in-laws' seem to find the old nest as acceptable as our own children. Thank God, we are all very happy together. It is my dear wife that has done that. She is the home-maker. I must go back to her now, and rejoice her soul with my news."

They stood still, neither noting that they had arrived at the moment at the imposing gateway of Tudor Lodge, the residence of Anthony Forrest.

A carriage swept through the gates in front of them, and a handsome, richly-dressed woman gave a slightly supercilious bow, as both men raised their hats.

"That is my wife, Chavasse, and she is, unfortunately for me, not a home-maker. I have had many ambitions in my life, and have realized a goodly share of them, but I realize at this moment that, as far as personal happiness is concerned, the un-ambitious man is miles ahead of me. I would give the half of my income now for your quiet peace of mind."

Chavasse was at a loss what to say to this strange speech. He merely looked sympathetic, and shook very warmly the hand offered to him.

Then he retraced his steps somewhat slowly across the common. He was not so absorbel but that simple things on the way gave him a particular joy: a little clump of golden bloom on a sheltered breadth of gorse, the ambitious fern fronds bursting into newness of life, the unblown daffodils in a neighbor's garden—when he reached the little suburban terrace, all these things were observed, and added to the sum of his content.

A sweet and still youthful face above the window blind at the sitting-room window brightened at his coming, and when she opened the door, and he closed it again quickly. he suddenly took her in his arms.

"Why, Paul, whence this—this most loverlike manner?" she asked, with a little smile of coquetry that was wholly sweet.

"Bless my Lucy," he said, in rather a full though quiet voice, and almost immediately repeated in a musing voice the words he had read that very morning at family prayers before he left the house:

"My people shall dwell in a peaceable habitation, and in sure dwellings, and in quiet resting places." And again, "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."—David Lyall.

LEARNING HOW TO GIVE ADVICE.

The first advice given and taken was in the Garden of Eden. Disastrous as it was, the advice habit dates from it, and it will probably continue until the end of the world. There is no doubt that every one needs advice now and then, and there is even less doubt that most human beings like to give it. The trouble of it is that so much of it is ignorant, prejudiced or positively bad, and that even when good it doesn't fit.

"I will give you advice, my dear," said a wise woman to a younger friend, "but only on one condition. You must promise not to take it unless you want to very much. As long as I feel that my advice may persuade you into something against your will, I refuse to shoulder the responsibility of giving it. But if you only want to know what I think, just to compare it with your own thoughts, I will advise you all day and all night, as long as you like. The responsibility of being an oracle is too much for me. I want no mistakes and disappointments laid at my door."

Some advisers do not feel that way. They are quite willing to assume responsibility—being entirely irresponsible in fact, when one comes to think about it. For no adviser can bear the results of the advisee's decisions, in the end. They must be borne by the one advised. And no one, really, can give another person decisive advice of real value on any difficult personal point without being entirely cognizant of every circumstance, thought and tendency in the case, which is manifestly impossible. It is often because the individual is bewildered by all the complexity of his or her situation that advice is sought; and as the circumstances are too tangled for the adviser to sort out, how can they be stated clearly to the counselor?

Then cross-purposes ensue. The adviser, from and upon the facts presented, delivers a plain, urgent and sincere counsel. The recipient listens, admires the clear-cut decision handed out, but is aware of a painful inapplicability, somehow, in it. "But—you don't understand exactly," seems to be the only thing to say, and then the counselor naturally feels injured. "Didn't you tell me so-and-so?" "Yes, but—" and then more explanations which do not explain, and only confirm the adviser's opinion of the advisee's weakness of character. Yet all the time the advisee is the one in the right—having been wrong only in seeking advice at all without first making out a truly comprehensive brief.

In view of all this, why not hesitate humbly before counseling a friend or acquaintance? Even the poor are not to be advised rashly, as every one knows who has tried it with the confidence of a novice. "It is all very well," said a veteran friendly visitor once, "to talk about the 'short and simple annals of the poor.' But evidently the poet Gray only knew them when they were safely buried in the country churchyard, with short, cheap inscriptions on their tombstones. In life, their annals are just as endless and complicated as a millionaire's—more so, because a lot of things happen to them that couldn't possibly happen to the rich. A woman asked me the other day what she

should do about her husband's estate. He was a ragpicker, so the estate was mostly junk; but she wanted it, of course. But her husband, who was 50 years old when he married her (she was 16), turned out to have had another wife living at the time of the marriage. This wife, however, was said not to have divorced her first husband at the time she married the ragpicker; but the plea was that her husband had a deserted wife living when he married her. There was not enough junk in the estate to pay a lawyer, and I advised the two women to divide it. But they could not come to terms because if wife No. 1 really was wife No. 1, then wife No. 2 had not been legally married, you see, and that fact no division of junk could heal, nor would either give up one inch. I don't know what they are going to do, and I can't feel that I have any advice that will suit."

Advice to the young is even more freely given than advice to the poor. Boys and girls are considered fair game Yet most grown-ups forget a striking and essential fact—that the world in which boys and girls must live and grow today is a different world from that in which the last generation was brought up. In the last twenty years the surroundings of life in the city have changed greatly. In the country the change is even more marked. Education has changed. Public sentiment on many questions has changed. Advice perfectly applicable to our own remembered childhood is now useless and worse. The new generation is new —that is its sign manual. We must learn its point of view before our counsel can even reach it, much less be followed. Advice twenty, forty, sixty years old is in most cases as useless an antiquated ammunition. It doesn't reach the mark.

But there are directions in which safe and sage advice can be offered. There are fundamentals that do not change, and principles which apply to all complexities. These, however, are only the portion of the wise and true-minded. Their counsel is like "apples of gold in pitchers of silver. Such an adviser, once found, is usually returned to. For the hunger of the human heart for advice, as has been said, is deep-rooted and great. We may laugh at the newspapers and magazines, with their departments for advice to correspondents presided over by men and women chosen for their value in this regard. But no one who has ever had a glimpse of the correspondence of such a department fails to recognize its importance, or the sociological service of giving answers right in tone and principle. It is not for nothing that one whole book of the Bible is a book of advice. Good advice is a social and religious factor; and to learn to give it humbly and to take it intelligently is one of the most valuable lessons of life.—Prescilla Leonard.

Young People

HOW GRANDPA GOT HIS CLOTHES.

How delighted he had been with that first pair of pantaloons! And mamma had been so particular, when she made them, to put in a tiny hip pocket, "just like papa's!" But now, sad to relate, a very little hole was trying to make itself seen in the knee.

"Next time I have a suit, I'm going to have store clothes!" exclaimed Willie radiantly. "Papa says I may, and that I can go with him down to the Banner Clothing Store to pick them out."

"Store clothes!" laughed grandpa slyly. "Why I thought no clothes in the world could ever come up to the suit you're wearing, and mamma made those; no store clothes about them!"

"But—but—grandpa," replied Willie, hesitatingly, "I'm older now, and it's time I had pantaloons bought like papa's. See, I'm 'most as tall as he is now!"

"When I was a boy," continued grandpa, "they didn't have such things as store clothes."

"Didn't!" exclaimed Willie, with wide-open eyes. "Why, where did they get them?"

"Right at home," replied grandpa, amused at the expression on Willie's face. "They were all home-made!"

"When they got big, real big, like Brother Ned and papa and you, they didn't have to have their mothers make their clothes—didn't they?"

"No, not always their mothers," replied grandpa, smiling. "When I was a boy there used to be tailors and tailoresses, whose business it was to go about the country, from place to place, to cut and make enough clothes to last the men-folks a year.

"They always carried with them their own needles, shears, and tailors' goose, which was larger than an ordinary flat-iron. This was used for pressing the large seams, and was called a talors' goose because of its goose-like form. Sometimes a tailor remained at one house three or four weeks before he got his work done."

"Did they board themselves?" asked Willie, curiously.

"No; they boarded in the family, and often took meat, beans, and vegetables in payment for their work; for in those days money was scarce in farmers' families."

"But where did they get their cloth, grandpa?"

"The cloth, too, was raised on the farm. That is, we raised the flax and kept sheep. After the flax got ripe, it was pulled and spread on the grass, where it was kept for some time, till it decayed or "rotted" enough for the vegetable fibers to be separated. Then it was gathered up and kept till cold weather, when it was made ready for use.

"The rough and fine tow were always separated. The rough was usually woven into coarse towels, while the finer sort was spun, and woven into very good cloth, some of which was made into men's shirts.

"After the sheep were sheared the wool was washed and made ready to be manufactured into the cloth for our garments.

"The cloth was also colored at home. That for everyday use was usually blue and white, or else a reddish brown. That for our Sunday suits was for the most part gray. So you see our clothes were home-made, through and through."

"But you had store shoes—didn't you, grandpa?"

"No more than were our clothes. Many families prepared their own leather, and cobblers, just like the tailors, went about from house to house every fall and fitted each member of the family to shoes. We didn't have as many pairs as you do. We had but one pair a year, and these we had to make last."

"But didn't you ever get tired of having everything home-made?" asked Willie, curiously.

"No, indeed!" laughed grandpa, gaily; "for when I was a boy we didn't know anything different."—Sunday-school Times.

THE RACCOON AND THE BEE-TREE.

The Raccoon had been asleep all day in the snug hollow of a tree. The dusk was coming on when he awoke, stretched himself once or twice, and jumping down from the top of the tall, dead stump in which he made his home, set out to look for his supper.

In the midst of the woods there was a lake, and all along the lake shore there rang out the alarm cries of the water people as the Raccoon came nearer and nearer.

First the Swan gave a scream of warning. The Crane repeated the cry, and from the very middle of the lake the Loon, swimming low, took it up and echoed it back over the still water.

The Racoon sped merrily on, and finding no unwary bird that he could seize he picked up a few mussel-shells from the beach, cracked them neatly and ate the sweet meat.

A little farther on, as he was leaping hither and thither through the long, tangled meadow grass, he landed with all four feet on a family of Skunks—father, mother and twelve little ones, who were curled up sound asleep in a soft bed of broken dry grass.

"Huh!" exclaimed father Skunk. "What do you mean by this, eh?" And he stood looking at him defiantly.

"Oh, excuse me, excuse me," begged the Raccoon. "I am very sorry. I did not mean to do it! I was just running along and I did not see you at all."

"Better be careful where you step next time," grumbled the Skunk, and the Raccoon was glad to hurry on.

Running up a tall tree he came upon two red Squirrels in one nest, but before he could get his paws upon one of them they were scolding angrily from the topmost bough.

"Come down, friends!" called the Raccoon. "What are you doing up there? Why, I wouldn't harm you for anything!"

"Ugh, you can't fool us," chattered the Squirrels, and the Raccoon went on.

Deep in the woods, at last he found a great hollow tree which attracted him by a peculiar sweet smell. He sniffed and sniffed, and went round and round till he saw something trickling down a narrow crevice. He tasted it and it was deliciously sweet.

He ran up the tree and down again, and at last found an opening into which he could thrust his paw. He brought it out covered with honey!

Now the Raccoon was happy. He ate and scooped, and scooped and ate the golden, trickling honey with both forepaws till his pretty, pointed face was daubed all over.

Suddenly he tried to get a paw into his ear. Something hurt him terribly just there, and the next minute his sensitive nose was frightfully stung. He rubbed his face with both sticky paws. The sharp stings came thicker and faster, and he wildly clawed the air. At last he forgot to hold on to the branch any longer, and with a screech he tumbled to the ground.

There he rolled and rolled on the dead leaves till he was covered with leaves from head to foot, for thy stuck to his fine, sticky fur, and most of all they covered his eyes and his striped face. Mad with fright and pain he dashed through the forest calling to some one of his own kind to come to his aid.

The moon was now bright, and many of the woods people were abroad. A second Raccoon heard the call and went to meet it. But when he saw a frightful object plastered with dry leaves racing madly toward him he turned and ran for his life, for he did not know what this might be.

The Raccoon who had been stealing the honey ran after him as fast as he could, hoping to overtake and beg the other to help him get rid of his leaves.

So they ran and they ran out of the woods on to the shining white beach around the lake. Here a Fox met them, but after one look at the queer object which was chasing the frightened Raccoon he too turned and ran at his best speed.

Presently a young Bear came loping out of the wood and sat up on his haunches to see them go by. But when he got a good look at the Raccoon, who was plastered with dead leaves, he scrambled up a tree to be out of the way.

By this time the poor Raccoon was so frantic that he scarcely knew what he was doing. He ran up the tree after the Bear and got hold of his tail.

"Woo, woo!" snarled the Bear, and the Raccoon let go. He was tired out and dreadfully ashamed. He did now what he ought to have done at the very first—he jumped into the lake and washed off most of the leaves. Then he got back to is hollow tree and curled himself up and licked his soft fur till he had licked himself clean, and then went to sleep.

The midnight hunter steals at his own risk.—Elaine Goodale Eastman.

THE MAY CENTURY.

The May Century has fiction a plenty—the last chapters of Alice Hegan Rice's novel, "Mr. Opp," and stories in which humor is the dominant note by Mary Heaton Vorse, Adeline Knapp, and W. Albert Hickman—but leading place is given to Thomas Nelson Page's story, "The Old Planters," a tale of a quaint old hostelry in Virginia, and of the quaint old aristocrats who played host, and of the guests who came and went.

A wide range of matters much in the public mind is covered in the number: William M. Ivins, chairman of the New York charter commission, in a paper on "Public Service Commissions," comments on Frederick W. Whitridge's paper on "Public Morality and Street Railways" in the March Century; Christian Brinton gives critical estimate of the two great Spanish painters whose work is being shown in this country, Sorolla and Zuluoaga; "The New Basis of Work for the Blind" is discussed by Samuel H. Bishop; Daniel Gregory Mason has recorded a conversation on music with Ossip Gabrilowitsch; and Cardinal Gibbons and Professor Edward Alsworth Ross have much of interest to say on America's increasing divorce rate and its significance.

James Patten of Chicago, who is attempting to corner the wheat market, has wrought the ruin of many lesser buyers besides bringing hardship upon consumers generally. Secretary of Agriculture Wilson declares that there is enough wheat to keep prices normal but prices are soaring nevertheless.

Night riders have terrified the farmers near Washington, Indiana. They are attempting to regulate the rent tenants may pay owners of the land. Serious trouble may result.

The Mohammedan Turkish slaughtetr of Armenian Christians has broken out again. Some American missionaries are reported killed. The trouble is of long standing and is at bottom racial and religious.

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